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There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe hung heavy & chill.
For his country he sighed when at ~~twilight~~ repairing
To wander alone by the windbeaten hill
For the daystar attracted his eyes sad devotion
As it rose oer his own native isle in the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sang the bold anthem of "Erin go bragh"

— " —

Erin my country! tho' sad and forsaken
In dreams I revisit thy sea beaten shore
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken
And sigh for the scenes which can greet me no more
Oh! Cruel fate will you never replace me
In a mansion of peace; where no perils Caus chase me
Never again can my brothers embrace me
They died to defend me or live to deplore—

— " —

Where is my cabin door fast by the wildwood
Sister & Sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my [illegible]

Where is the bosom friend dearer than all?
~~Oh! Cruel fate will you never replace me~~
~~In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase~~
Never again ?
Oh! my sad heart long abandoned by pleasure
Why did you dote on a fast fading treasure!
Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure
But rapture & beauty ye cannot recall.

"

Yet all these sad recollections suppressing
One dying wish my lone bosom would draw.
Erin! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing
Land of my forefathers Erin go braugh —
Buried & cold when this heart stills her motion
Green be thy fields sweetest isle in the Ocean
And thy harp striking bards sing loud with devotion
Erin my vournin! "Erin go braugh!"